

NO.

14

BLACK HOOD

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MAGAZINE





WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.



Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.



Hollywood Locket Given for selling 10 boxes.



Ladies' Hoopery Given for Selling 5 boxes.

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Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-219 Jefferson, Iowa** for order to start.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. **Gift I would like to have you send me.**



EXTRA WIDE

NEW True-Love and Friendship RING and Matching EARRINGS

PENDANT HEART DESIGN
What makes both the ring and the matching earrings so unusual and attractive is the twin Sterling Silver Pendant hearts that dangle daintily like sentimental and charming settings. Either the ring or earrings can be worn separately but together they are truly captivating. The precious Sterling Silver ring is extra wide. Both the ring and earrings are beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. Both the ring and earrings become more attractive and sentimental the longer they are worn.

\$1.95 EACH 10 DAYS TRIAL



SEND NO MONEY

Mail the coupon today. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only \$1.95 each plus a few cents mailing cost and 20% Federal Tax for either the ring or earrings on arrival. **SEND NO MONEY** back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 62-EP Jefferson, Iowa

I want to take advantage of your special bargain offer. Please send me the following:

- Extra Wide Band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Ring
- Matching Sterling Silver Pendant Heart Earrings

I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name

Address

City

State..... Ring Size.....

SEND TODAY GIVEN



if you order **BOTH** the Ring AND Earrings and send your order **PROMPTLY**. Beautiful genuine leather photo folder. (Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.)



New ENLARGEMENT

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

3c STAMP



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept.1010, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept.1010, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

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The Black Hood

IN
DEATH
COUNTS
TEN

BY
W. Norrick

MAN
OF
MYSTERY



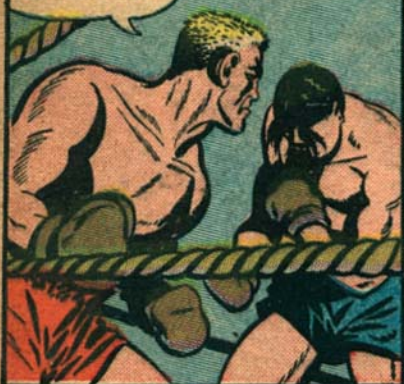
BEEJABBERS! THE CHAMP IS SURE! GETTIN' A SHEL-LACKIN, HUH KIP?

YEAH! AND FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, THAT KID, BRADLEY, IS GOING TO BE THE NEW CHAMP, SARGE!

BOMBER BRADLEY'S APPARENTLY OF THE SAME OPINION AS HE CLOSES IN ON THE CHAMP FOR THE KILL!



I GOT HIM! NOW FOR THE MONEY PUNCH!



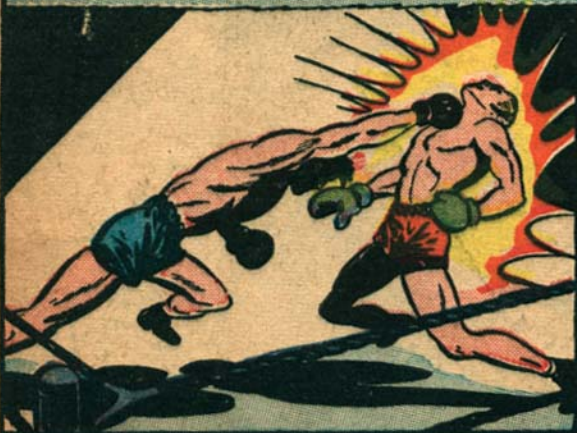
WHAT'S THIS! BRADLEY SEEMS TO BE HOLDING OFF!



THE SUCKER! HE HAD ME COLD! NOW HE'S STANDING THERE WIDE OPEN!



THE FANS WATCH IN AMAZED DISBELIEF, AS THE CHAMP, SUMMONING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS REMAINING STRENGTH, THROWS ONE LAST PUNCH— AND, CONNECTS!



-3-4-

FAKE! FAKE!

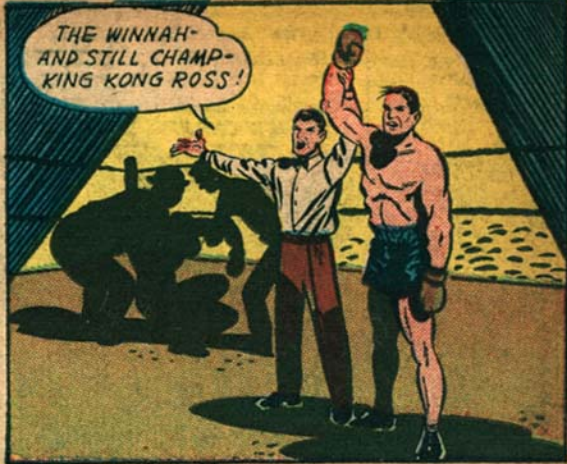
GET UP, YOU PHONEY!



HE'S TAKIN' A DIVE!



8-9-10-
AND YER OUT!



THE WINNAH-
AND STILL CHAMP-
KING KONG ROSS!



I DON'T
GET IT,
SARGE!

IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE
NOSE ON ME FACE!
THE FIGHT WUZ FIXED-
DAGNABBIT!



MAYBE- LET'S
LOOK IN ON BRAD-
LEY, HUH SARGE!

WHAT FOR! IT'S
NONE OF OUR
BUSINESS... OH,
ALL RIGHT!



WHASSA MATTER WITH
HIM, DOC? HE SHOULD'VE
COME TO BY THIS TIME?



BRADLEY WILL
NEVER COME TO
MARTY! HE'S DEAD!



DEAD! I KNEW I SHOULDN'T
HAVE LET HIM FIGHT TONIGHT.
HE WUZNT FEELIN' GOOD BEFORE
THE FIGHT! BUT HE WOULDN'T
LISTEN!

WHAT'S THE DIAGNOSIS, DOC?

HEART FAILURE I'D SAY!



ONLY THING I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IS HOW RIGOR MORTIS SET IN SO FAST!

YES, IT IS FUNNY. IT USUALLY TAKES TWO TO THREE HOURS DOESN'T IT?

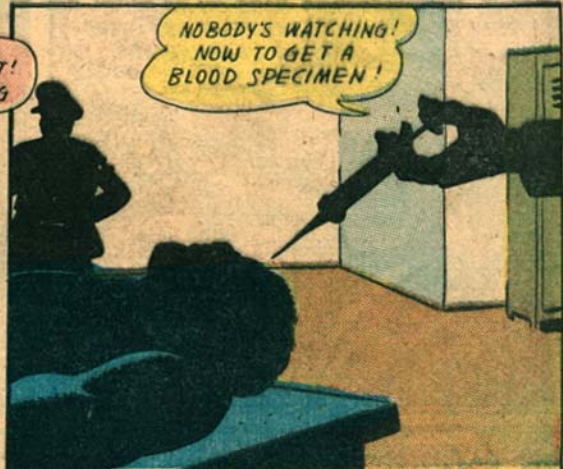


DON'T LET BURLAND GET YOU GOIN' WITH SOME HOTSY-POTSY CRIME THEORY DOC!

IF HE SUSPECTS FOUL PLAY, I'M AFRAID HE'S DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT SERGEANT! THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHING IRREGULAR ABOUT THIS DEATH!



NOBODY'S WATCHING! NOW TO GET A BLOOD SPECIMEN!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN THE POLICE CHEMICAL LABORATORY—

SURE I'LL TEST THIS BLOOD FOR YOU, BUT IT MAY TAKE TIME!

THANKS DOC! I'LL WAIT!



WHAT MAKES YOU SUSPECT ANYTHING IS WRONG, KIP?

JUST A HUNCH, DOC BRADLEY WAS PUTTING UP TOO GOOD A SHOW TO DO A TANKER!



HOURS LATER

I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING KIP. NOTHING WRONG, I'D SAY!

WELL, I GUESS THIS IS ONE TIME I WAS OFF BASE!



WAIT A MINUTE! I JUST THOUGHT OF ONE MORE TEST. IT'S PRETTY FAR-FETCHED, BUT...



... I'LL GIVE IT A TRY. EVER HEAR OF CURARE, KIP?

THAT'S A SOUTH AMERICAN POISON. ISN'T IT?

ZOWIE! A RE-ACTION! THERE'S CURARE IN HERE!

YES! IT'S PRESENCE IN THE SYSTEM SOMETIMES GIVES SYMPTOMS OF HEART FAILURE!



DO ME A FAVOR! KEEP IT QUIET A WHILE, WILL YOU DOC? I DON'T WANT A REPORT TURNED IN JUST YET!



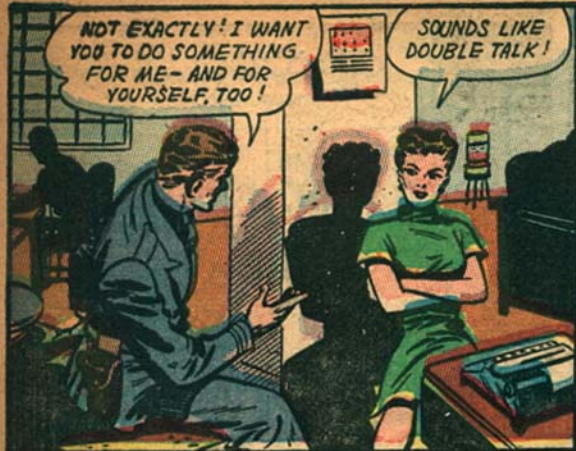
IT'S A LITTLE IRREGULAR, KIP. BUT, OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO!

THANKS! IT'LL MAKE IT EASIER TO CATCH THE KILLER IF HE THINKS NOBODY'S WISE!

HIYA, MISS JUTTON, HOW'S THE NORTHVILLE COURIER'S ACE REPORTER?

HELLO, KIP! WHY THE SOCIAL CALL? OR IS IT SOCIAL?





NOT EXACTLY! I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME - AND FOR YOURSELF, TOO!

SOUNDS LIKE DOUBLE TALK!



HERE'S THE SET-UP. BRADLEY, THE FIGHTER WAS POISONED. MAYBE KING KONG, THE CHAMP HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT - AND MAYBE NOT. BUT HE'S VERY TALKATIVE - WITH WOMEN!



YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO PUMP HIM?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT!



LEAVE HIM TO ME, KIP!



NEXT DAY

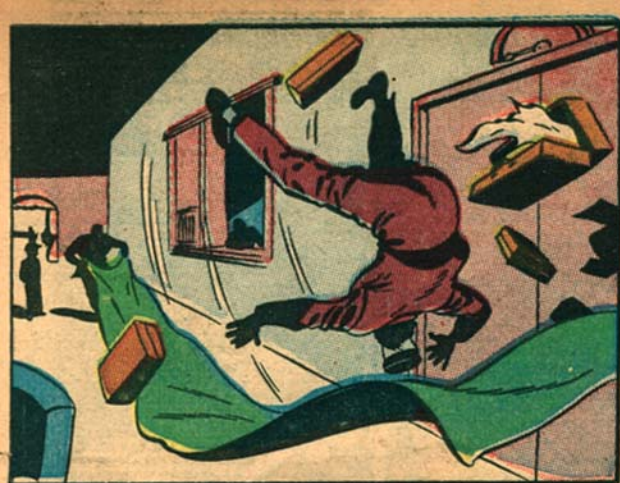
THIS IS HIS HOTEL. NOW TO WAIT FOR HIM IN THE LOBBY!



OH, OH! HERE HE COMES!



WATCH DIS GAG, SNITCH!



WHERE DO YA
THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?
I TOLD YA WE GOT
IMPORTANT BUSINESS.
DIDN'T I?



'SNITCH! SOMETIMES
YOUSE ANNOY
ME!



OWOOO...ME
EYES! I'M
BLIND!



THE NEXT FEW DAYS ARE VERY BUSY ONES FOR
BARBARA SUTTON AS SHE PUTS HER PLAN INTO EFFECT-

WHO DID YOU
SAY YOUR MAN-
AGER WAS
CHAMP?

I DIDN'T
SAY, BABE!



WON'T YOU TELL
ME MORE ABOUT
YOUR LAST FIGHT?

NOT NOW!
SOME
UDDER
TIME-
GLUG-
GLUG.

CLUB
HI-LO



HELLO, KIP! NO LUCK
AGAIN TONIGHT! HE'S
TOUGHER TO CRACK
THAN I THOUGHT!



WELL, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO
TURN A REPORT IN AFTER
ALL. I'VE HELD IT UP TOO
LONG ALREADY!



WAIT, KIP!
I'VE GOT ONE
MORE ACE IN
THE HOLE!

AND IN CASE
IT WORKS, IT MIGHT
BE A GOOD IDEA IF
THE BLACK HOOD
WERE AROUND!

HIYA KEEED!
WHAT KEPT YOU
SO LONG! I THOUGHT
YA STOOD ME UP!

I AM CHAMP! PERMAN-
ENTLY! - WE'RE
THROUGH!

HAW, HAW-
YER KIDDIN'!

NO, I'M NOT! I
THINK I'M WASTING
MY TIME WITH
YOU!

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE
GOING TO BE CHAMP MUCH
LONGER. YOU'RE GETTING
TOO OLD. YOU ALMOST GOT
LICKED BY BRADLEY! SO WHY
FOOL AROUND WITH A GUY
ON HIS WAY OUT!

WHO'S ON HIS WAY
OUT! LISTEN KID,
MARTY MALONE'S
A PRETTY SMART
MANAGER, SEE? WIT
HIM AROUND
I'M GONNA BE CHAMP
FOR A LONG TIME!

MARTY
MALONE! I
THOUGHT HE
WAS BRADLEY'S
MANAGER!

STRICTLY FOR DA
SUCKERS! WE GOT A
SECRET CONTRACT HE'LL
FIX ANYBODY DAT LOOKS
TOO GOOD - JUST LIKE
HE FIXED BRADLEY!

SO IF IT'S CHAMPS
YA LIKE, YA BETTER
STICK WIT' ME!

MAYBE I
BETTER AT
THAT!

I'VE GOTTA RUN NOW!
I'LL BE SEEING YOU
CHAMP!

USUAL PLACE AN'
TIME. HUH BABE?
S'LONG!

WHAT A STORY!
MARTY MALONE MURDERS
HIS OWN FIGHTER!
WAIT'LL KIP HEAR IT!

GET 'EM
UP SISTER—
AND FOLLOW
ME!

WELL, WELL, IF IT
ISN'T THE LITTLE GIRL
WITH THE NOSE FOR
NEWS! DIDN'T FIGURE
I HAD AN APARTMENT
NEXT TO THE CHAMP'S
DIDJA?

HERE'S SOME MORE FOR THAT
STORY YOU'RE NEVER GONNA
PRINT. I ONLY OWNED A SMALL
PIECE OF BRADLEY AND IF
HE WON, MY CUT ON HIM
WOULD'VE COME TO PEANUTS!

I TRIED TO GET HIM TO LOSE THE FIGHT
EVERY WAY I KNEW WITHOUT HIS GETTIN'
WISE. THEY DIDN'T WORK SO I SPONGED
HIM WITH CURARE BETWEEN ROUNDS!

MR. _____

FUNNY! I
COULDA SWORN
SOMEBODY KNOCKED!



GULP... DA
BLACK
HOOD!



NEVER TURN YOUR
BACK ON A LADY.
SNITCH. IT'S NOT
POLITE - AND SOME-
TIMES IT'S **PLAIN
DUMB!**



GOOD GRIEF! THE **RECORDING
MACHINE!** IT WAS IN MY BAG!



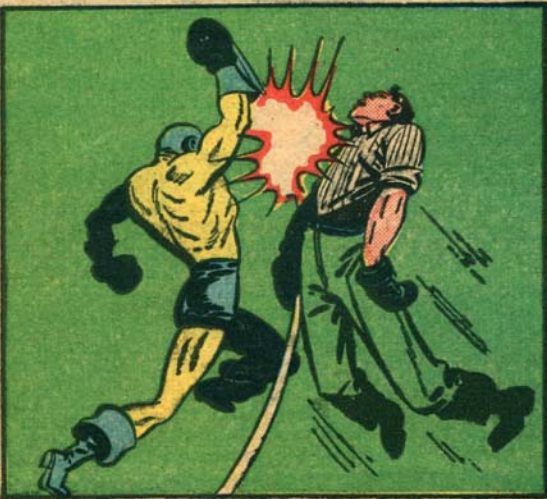
I... I CAN'T LOOK, HOOD!
I JUST KNOW I BROKE IT!
THE YEAR'S BEST STORY
AND THE EVIDENCE AGAINST
THESE KILLERS SHATTERED
IN A MILLION PIECES!



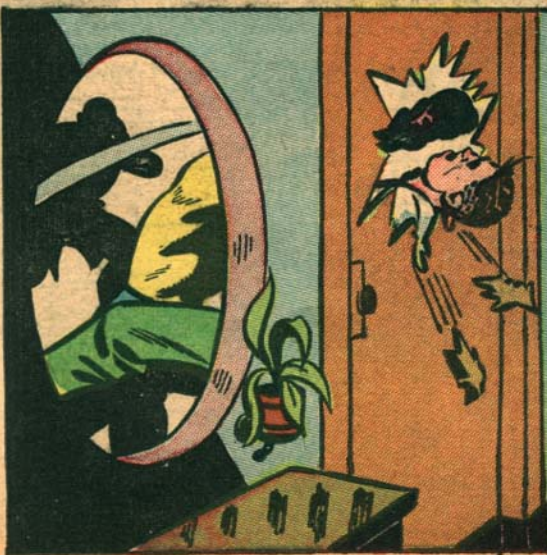


OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT, SUCKER! I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S DA CHAMP AND WHO'S DA CHUMP!

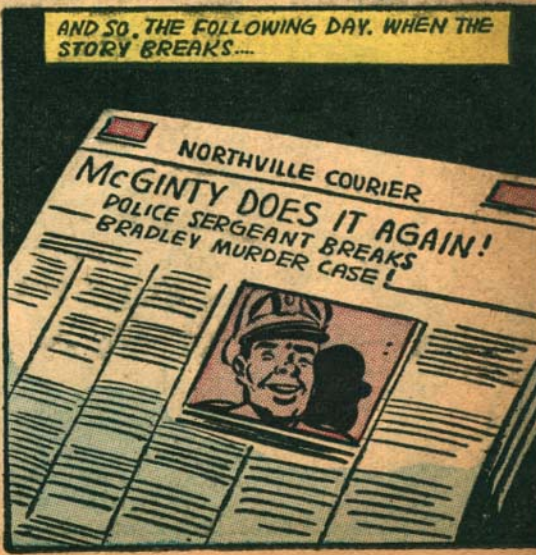
I'M WAITING TO BE SHOWN!



GET UP CHAMP. HE CAN'T HURT US!



AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN THE STORY BREAKS....





HOW ABOUT A STATEMENT FOR THE PRESS, SARGE?

WELL, I DON'T WANT ALL THE CREDIT BOYS!



AFTER ALL, PATROLMAN BURLAND DID HELP! I SUSPECTED THAT GUY MALONE ALL ALONG, SO I PUT KIP ON HIS TRAIL. HE BROUGHT 'EM IN OF COURSE, BUT I'M THE ONE BLA.. BLA.. BLA.. BLA..



I THINK THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN BABS!

SURE I HAVE A RECORDING. BUT I REALLY DON'T NEED IT! WHEN I START GRILLING 'EM. BLA... BLA...



GOT ANYTHING ON YOUR SOCIAL CALENDAR FOR TONIGHT, BABS? OR MUST I APPLY TO THE LONELY HEARTS CLUB!

I GUESS I CAN SPARE YOU A DATE... WHICH REMINDS ME, MY EDITOR GAVE ME TWO FREE TICKETS FOR TONIGHT...



...TO A PRIZE FIGHT!

HUH!



ER... SUPPOSE WE JUST MAKE IT A MOVIE!

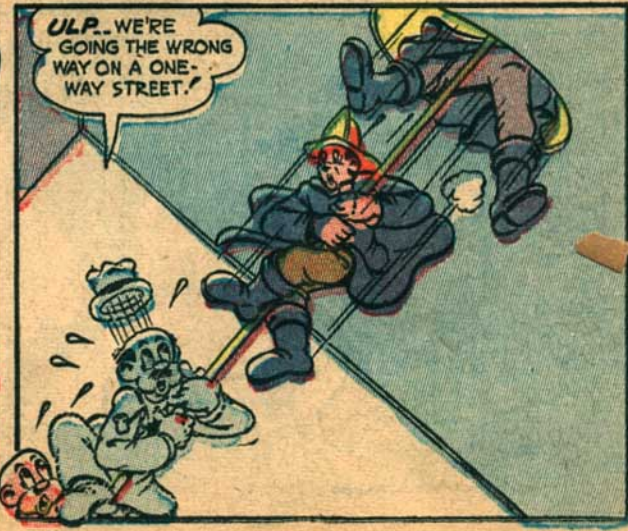
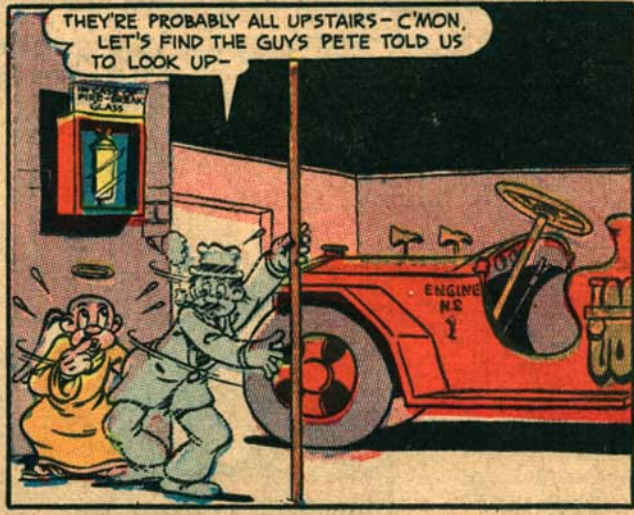
GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST

by
"RED" HOLMDALE

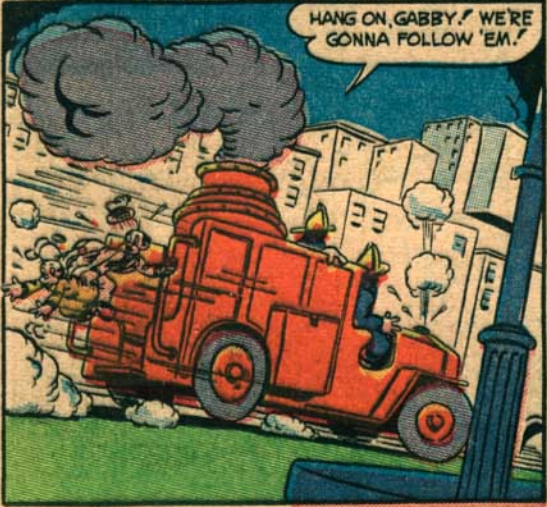
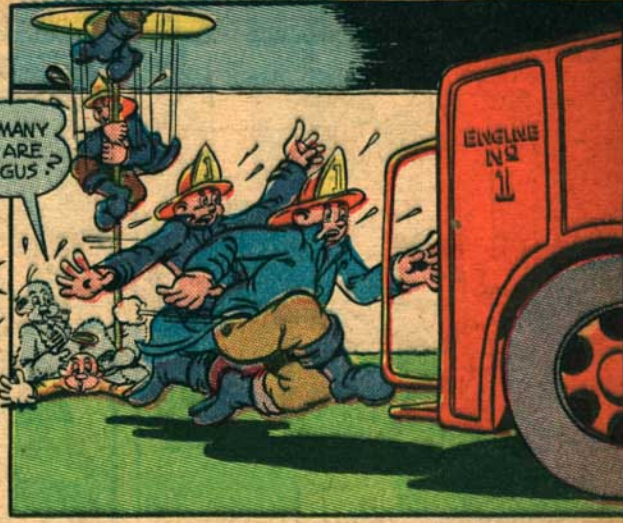
AND ME,
GABBY
HIS ANGELIC
SIDEKICK!







HOW MANY MORE ARE THERE, GUS?



HANG ON, GABBY! WE'RE GONNA FOLLOW 'EM!



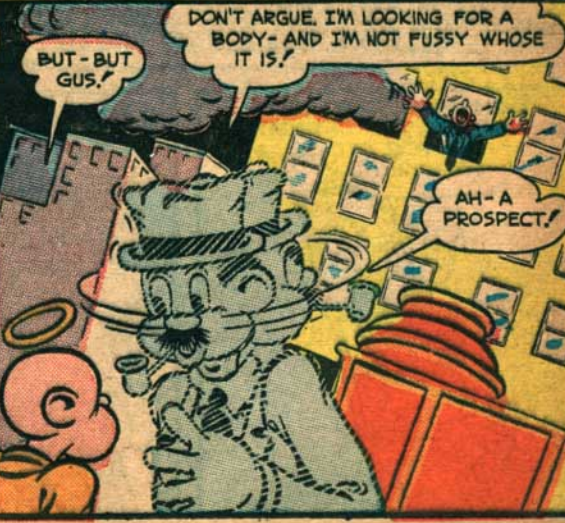
GOLLY-THIS IS COLLOSSAL, GABBY, MUST BE A FOUR-ALARM JOB!

YEAH, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. WE'LL NEVER FIND THE TWO GUYS IN THIS MOB!



SO WHAT? WE'RE SURE TO HAVE AT LEAST A DOZEN PROSPECTS IN THIS BLAZE!

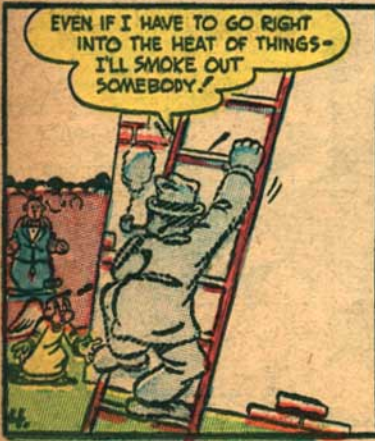
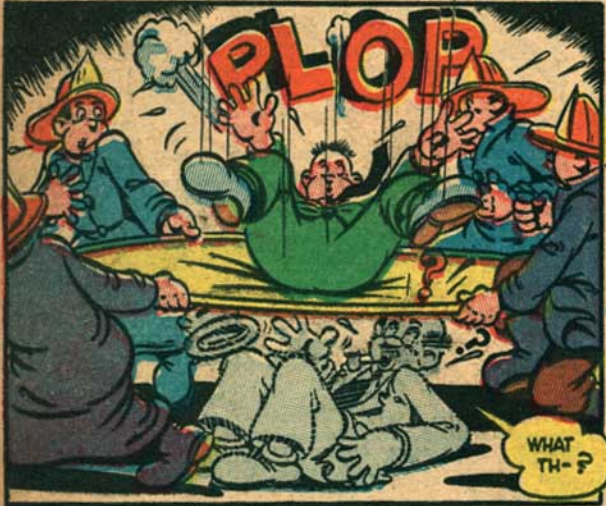
IXNAY ON THAT FREELANCE STUFF YOU KNOW PETE'S ATTITUDE ON PICKUPS!



DON'T ARGUE, I'M LOOKING FOR A BODY- AND I'M NOT FUSSY WHOSE IT IS!

BUT- BUT GUS!

AH- A PROSPECT!



MEANWHILE

GUS HAS BEEN UP THERE AN AWFULLY LONG TIME - I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK."



THIS IS WHERE HE WENT IN -

HEY GUS WHAT'S TAKING YOU SO LONG ?



COUGH-COUGH I CAME UP HERE FOR JUST ONE GUY - AND TRYING TO FIND HIM IN THIS BLAZING SMOKE - I END UP WITH A WHOLE MOB OF 'EM - CAN'T FIGURE WHICH ONE I WANT."



WHY NOT TOSS 'EM BELOW WHERE YOU CAN GIVE 'EM THE ONCE-OVER WITHOUT ALL THIS SMOKE."



I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, GABBY, THIS IS OKAY."

THAT'S THE LAST ONE... COME ON, GUS, LET'S GO DOWN AN' LOOK 'EM OVER



HEY - WHAT THE ? THEY'RE ALL GONE!



WELL LISTEN TO THAT!

WE JUST GOT 'EM IN THE AMBULANCE IN THE NICK OF TIME

IT'S A MIRACLE JOE - HOW THOSE GUYS EVER JUMPED OUT THAT WINDOW BECAUSE THEY WERE ALL PRETTY FAR GONE



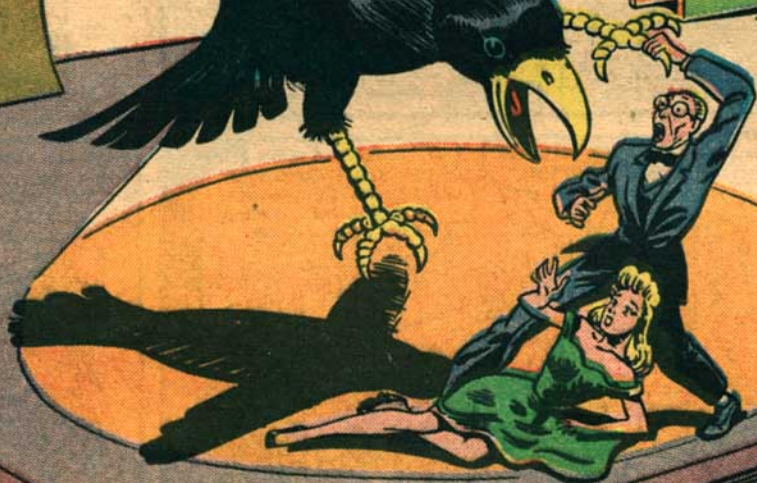
WELL, IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT FOR NOT MAKING SURE THOSE STIFFS WERE DEAD

NEVER MIND THE ALBIS - YOU AND YOUR IDEAS!

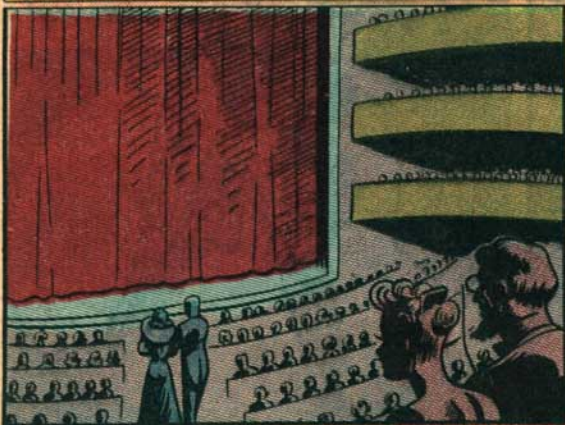


Black HOOD

THE BLACK HOOD AND THE CROW!
THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE OPERA AND
THE ACTORS ARE GOING THROUGH THEIR
ROLES—SUDDENLY A DISCORDANT NOTE
PIERCES THE AIR, A DEATHLY BLACK
FORM LANCES ONTO THE STAGE AND
CROAKS AN ARIA OF "DEATH—THE
CROW STRIKES AGAIN!"



GALA NIGHT-THE DIAMOND HORSESHOE, SURGING WITH SOCIETY FOLKS, HERALDS THE OPENING PERFORMANCE OF THE NEW OPERA "LA SANDRA!"



BARBARA SUTTON INTRODUCES KIP TO THE PRODUCER OF THE OPERA!



I'M WORRIED-I THINK I MADE A MISTAKE BY CASTING PAGINI IN MY OPERA!

WHO'S PAGINI?

WHY, KIP-YOU KNOW LESS ABOUT OPERA THAN I THOUGHT! PAGINI USED TO HAVE THE GREATEST SINGING VOICE IN THE WORLD!

YES, NO ONE WAS GREATER THAN PAGINI! I WANTED TO SEE HIM MAKE A COMEBACK, SO I GAVE HIM A SMALL ROLE IN THIS OPERA!



MEANWHILE, BACKSTAGE, PAGINI PREPARES FOR THE COMEBACK WITH A LITTLE "COUGH MEDICINE"



GLUG-
GURGLE-
GLUG!

CURSE IT! HERE COMES THAT SNOOPING SOPRANO-SHE'S ALWAYS CONCERNED ABOUT ME!



PLEASE DON'T DRINK ANY MORE, PAGINI! PLEASE-YOU WERE SUCH A GREAT SINGER, BEFORE YOU TOOK TO DRINKING AND-

WHAT DO YOU MEAN I WAS A GREAT SINGER? HIC-I STILL AM-HIG-NO-ONE'S GREATER THAN PAGINI!





THE CURTAIN RISES AND--

PSST-YOU DRUNKEN FOOL!
GRAB HOLD OF YOURSELF--
IT'S YOUR CUE TO SING!



HIC-

DRUNK AM I? WE'LL
SEE IF MY VOICE IS
KILLED--HIC-PAG-
G-GINI IS AS GREAT
AS HE EVER WAS!



OH-TRUE LOVE OF
MY LIFE-AWRRK-
AWRRRK!!!

GREAT GHOSTS OF
CARUSO! HE'S SINGING
FLAT AS BARLEY
SOUP

HMM-IT
SOUNDS JUST
LIKE OPERA
DOES TO ME
ALL THE
TIME!



SOON THE FIRST ACT IS
MERCIFULLY OVER--

ISN'T IT AWFUL?
I CAN'T BELIEVE
THAT'S THE GREAT
PAGINI!

EVEN IN
THAT SMALL
PART, HE'S
RUINING THE
OPERA!



AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN--

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THOSE FOOLS?
WHY DON'T THEY
**APPLAUD
ME?**



I'M AS GOOD AS I EVER WAS--
HIC-WHO SAYS I'M NOT?-HIC-
ANSWER ME!

WHILE PAGINI RANTS ONSTAGE, THE PROPERTY MAN COLLECTS THE ITEMS NEEDED FOR THE NEXT ACT--

ACCIDENTALLY, HE TIPS OVER THE CAGE--



OUT FLIES A CROW--

WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY VOICE, NOW?

ER-AH-

WELL-IT'S--

CAW!

CAW!

CAW!

HASTILY, THE PROPERTY MAN HURRIES ONSTAGE TO RETRIEVE THE CROW--

WHY YOU G*
! ? 0 # 6 *
I'LL KILL YOU!

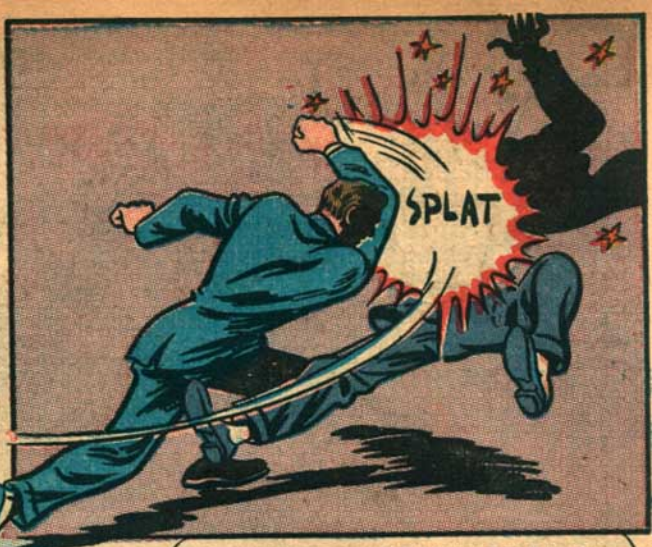
TAKE IT EASY,
PAGINI! IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT!

MOCK MY SINGING,
WILL YOU? ME, THE
GREAT PAGINI! YOU'LL
MOCK THE WORMS
IN YOUR GRAVE!

SUDDENLY-

TAKE IT EASY, PAGINI!

A-A-R-



I GAVE YOU YOUR CHANCE FOR A COMEBACK, AND YOU REPAY ME BY GETTING DRUNK AND RUINING THE ENTIRE FIRST ACT!



-BUT ALMOST KILLING A MAN IS THE LAST STRAW-YOU'RE REALLY THROUGH, NOW, PAGINI-THAT CROW HAD THE RIGHT IDEA-YOUR VOICE DOES SOUND LIKE A CROW'S!

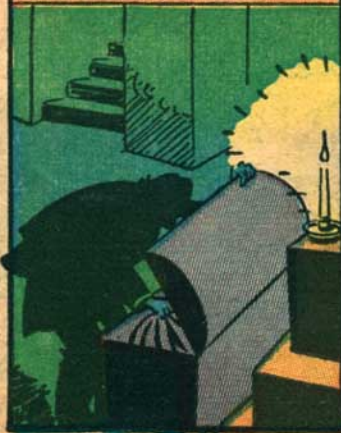


NOW, GET OUT AND STAY OUT!

ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU HAVE NOT SEEN THE LAST OF ME YET!



PAGINI DESCENDS INTO THE COSTUME VAULTS BELOW THE STAGE---



HE-HEH! SO I'M A CROW'S REVENGE WILL BE SWEET WHEN THE CROW STRIKES!





NOW I AM INDEED-CROW!



SLOWLY STEALTHILY, THE BLACK MONSTER SLINKS ALONG THE OPERA-HOUSE COPRIDOR-HIS INTENTIONS-MURDER!



MEANWHILE-AT THE CLOSE OF THE SECOND ACT-

CONGRATULATIONS, SIR! YOU'VE REALLY RESCUED THAT PART, AFTER WHAT PAGINI DID TO IT IN THE FIRST ACT!

THANK YOU!



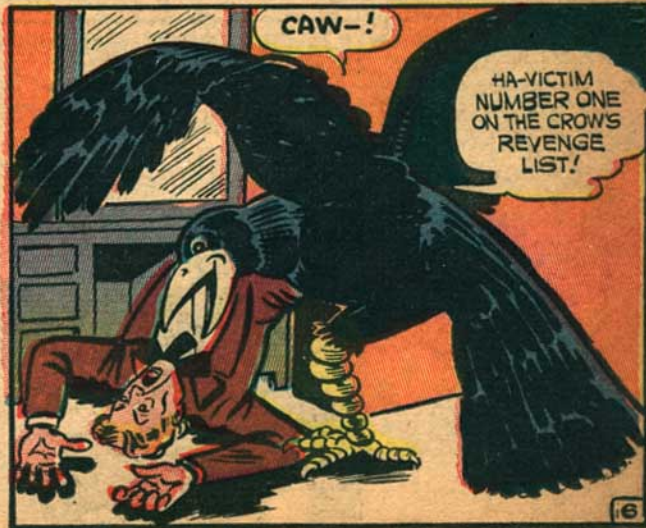
I LOVE LIFE-I LOVE TO LIVE!



I'LL JUST SPRAY MY THROAT BEFORE I GO DOWN FOR THE THIRD ACT!

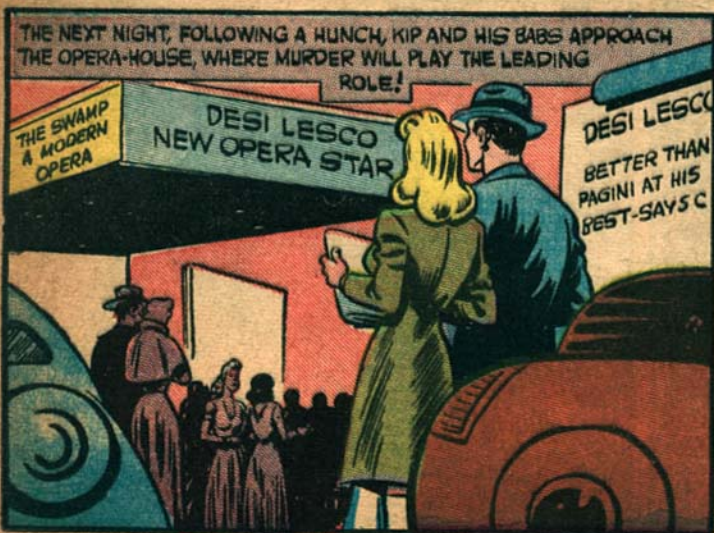
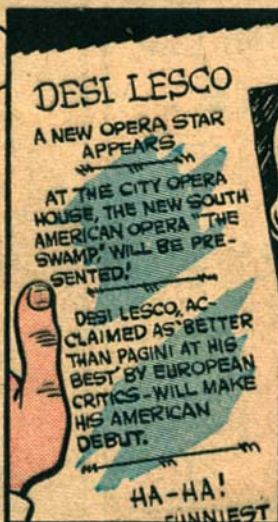


AAARRRGHH! MY THROAT--



CAW-!

HA-VICTIM NUMBER ONE ON THE CROW'S REVENGE LIST!



SO FAR, SO GOOD! I TALKED THE MANAGEMENT INTO CO-OPERATING WITH ME-NOW TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THINGS!



OH, I WAIT FOR MY BELOVED IN THE SWAMP!



COME, WE MUST HIDE, MY DARLING! IF THEY FIND YOU, THEY WILL KILL YOU!



THEN-AS LESCO HIDES IN THE SWAMP--



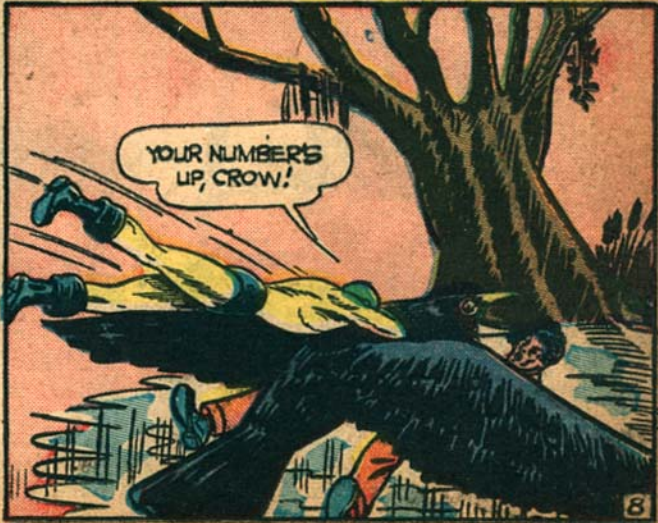
GOT YOU TOO, AT LAST!



GREAT GHOSTS! OF ALL THE FANTASTIC GETUPS!



YOUR NUMBERS UP, CROW!



BAD ARITHMETIC-
YOU DIDN'T COUNT
ON THIS, DID
YOU?



I KNOW THIS THEATRE TOO WELL-
HE CAN'T CATCH
ME NOW!



C'MON, BLACK HOOD.
I GOTTA S'PRISE
FOR YOU!



JUST A LITTLE CLOSER,
BLACK HOOD
AND---



WITH AMAZING SPEED, THE SPOTLIGHT
COMES CRASHING DOWN!
DESPERATELY, THE BLACK
HOOD THROWS HIMSELF
OUT OF ITS PATH---



THE CROW RUNS, BUT THE BLACK HOOD IS AFTER
HIM IN A FLASH---

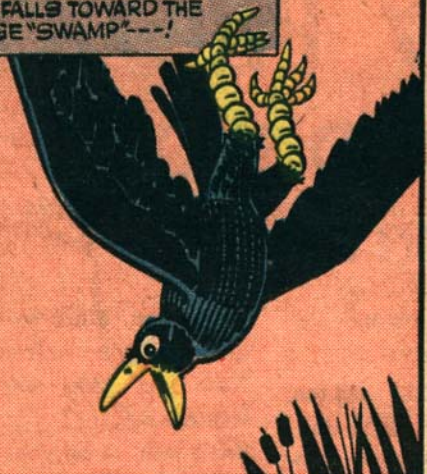


BOF!

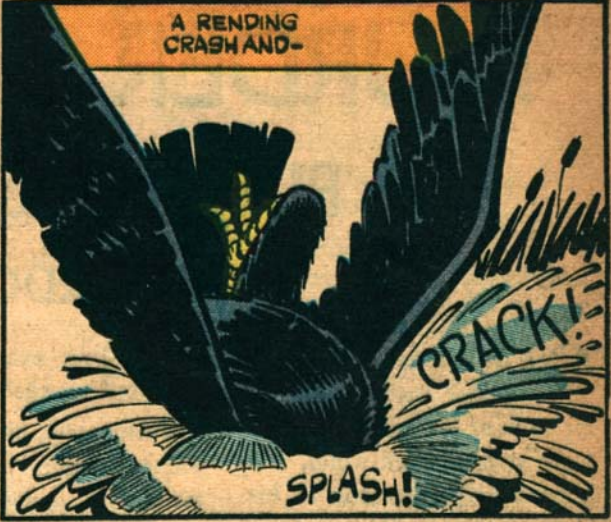
FLY OFF
YOUR PERCH,
CROW!



KNOCKED FROM HIS PERCH, THE CROW FALLS TOWARD THE STAGE "SWAMP"---!



A RENDING CRASH AND-



CRACK!

SPLASH!

IT'S PAGINI!



THE POOR FELLOW'S FOLLY FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!



A SOMBER SHADOW FLUTTERS IN AND-----



-SINGS A FITTING REQUIEM!

CAW-CAW-CAW-CAW!



MURDER BY PROXY

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by S. GORDON JAMES

OLD Gregory Michaels walked out of the doctor's office, his aged shoulders more stooped than usual, and a hard desperate look in his virulent eyes. Old Gregory was not a kindly man, even at his best. At this moment, he was feeling far from his best. He climbed into the front seat of his waiting car, and started up his motor.

Violently, the car shot forward, gained speed, and soon was careening through the streets at a dangerous speed. A dog was ambling across. Michaels could not possibly have failed to see it, and yet his foot did not ease an inch on the accelerator.

At the last split second, a blue-uniformed figure shot out from seemingly nowhere, and scooped up the small pup a split second before the car could strike.

Quickly, patrolman Kip Burland wheeled to get the license number of the fleeing car. But it was too late. It had already turned a corner, and was out of sight.

"Of all the rotten, inhuman

things I've ever seen," he muttered savagely.

Fortunately, he had seen the old man coming out of the doctor's office, and so decided to pay a call on the doctor, himself.

* * *

Gregory Michaels entered his house, and looked malevolently at the man and woman who awaited him. The woman was his wife, Gloria. Very young, considering her husband's age. And very attractive. The man was John Malcolm, Michaels' attorney. It was the latter who spoke first. "I got your message just a while ago, and hurried over here as fast as I could, Gregory!"

"And as usual, you got here before I did," Michaels sneered. "I hope my devoted wife found your company entertaining . . . as she usually does."

Gloria flushed.

"That's a rotten thing to say," Malcolm retorted hotly. "Yes. I love your wife. And I've never made any secret of it. But she's always been faith-

ful to you. More so than you deserve, you sour old cad. Now just what was it you wanted me for? You know I don't want to be your attorney any longer."

"I told you I wanted my will changed, didn't I? Well, I've changed my mind. Gloria will be my beneficiary after all."

Gloria gasped and Malcolm goggled in amazement. But before either could speak, Michaels turned and walked out of the room. "Well, good night," he yawned. "I'm tired and I'm going to bed."

It was shortly after that, that the grim figure of the Black Hood approached the Michaels mansion. Just then, a horrible shriek pierced the night. It came from a bedroom window, upstairs.

Like a panther, the Hood streaked into the house, and up the steps. He burst into the bedroom, and there, slumped on the floor, by his desk, was the figure of Gregory Michaels. And standing over him were his wife, and

John Malcolm, the attorney. Quickly, the Hood bent down to examine the corpse, saw the glass from which he had apparently been drinking, but which was now on the floor, shattered . . . and also saw a tightly clenched fist. He pried it open, and there was a note which consisted of a single word, an ominous word, scrawled so badly that it was hardly decipherable. It read, 'MURDER'!

"All right, Mrs Michaels," he turned to the cowering woman. "What's your story?"

"I . . . I was downstairs with Mr. Malcolm, my husband's attorney," she stammered. "Then Gregory called me. I came up, and he asked me for a drink. I gave it to him, and left. That's all I know."

"That's the truth," Malcolm started to blurt.

"I know more of the truth than you think, Mr. Malcolm," the Hood retorted grimly. "For instance, I know the murderer of Gregory Michaels."

In a flash, Malcolm leaped forward and crashed through the French windows. But quick as he was, the Black Hood was quicker. He intercepted him before he could hurdle the balcony onto the lawn below. There was a short struggle. Then the Hood pressed a nerve center in back of Malcolm's neck, and he slump-

ed down, as though paralyzed.

"All right. You've got me," he snarled when he was able to speak. "I did it. And I'm glad I did. The world is well rid of that old curmudgeon."

"I agree with you on the last, Mr. Malcolm. But not on the first. You're lying to protect Mrs. Michaels. You think she killed her husband. But I can assure you . . . SHE DID. NOT!"

"You mean," John Malcolm gasped.

"You mean——" Gloria echoed.

"That he murdered himself. Or more technically, committed suicide. You see, I had occasion to question a doctor whom Mr. Michaels visited a short while ago. The doctor informed me that he had just given Mr. Michaels a short time to live. A VERY SHORT TIME! Then the doctor noticed a strange thing. A bottle of potassium ferrocyanide was missing . . . the same type of

poison which was in that broken glass. I put two and two together, and decided that this called for a professional visit. Apparently I got here too late to stop him. But soon enough to prevent either of you from incriminating yourselves."

"And I almost played right into his hands," Malcolm groaned.

"Yes," the Hood continued. "Without asking too many personal questions, I can see what your feelings are for Mrs. Michaels." Malcolm withdrew his arm guiltily from about Gloria's shoulders. "No doubt Michaels knew it too. And this was his way of revenging himself. Taking his own life, which he was going to lose anyway, with the hope of taking yours too.

"And he might have gotten away with it," the Hood went on, as though talking to himself, "if he hadn't been mean enough to be indifferent to a dog's life."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 14, 1914, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF BLACK HOOD COMICS published quarterly at 22, Lewis, Mo., by GEORGE A. COYNE.

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 Office of this Publication

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 Business Manager
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 Advertising Manager
 Editor
 Editor-in-Chief
 Editor of Foreign Edition
 Editor of Spanish Edition
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 Editor of German Edition
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Bentley

OF SCOTLAND YARD



ACROSS THE LONELY MOOR OF DEVONSHIRE, FLOATS THE EERIE WAIL OF A HOUND----- A PHANTOM HOUND. IF THE LEGEND OF DEVONSHIRE CASTLE CONTAINS ANY TRUTH! FOR AS THE STORY GOES, WHEN THE PHANTOM HOUND BAYS, ONE MEMBER OF THE DEVONSHIRE CLAN IS TO DIE THAT NIGHT!



THIS CAVE IS WHERE THAT BAYING SEEMED TO COME FROM!



NOTHING IN HERE! IT WAS PROBABLY A STRAY WOLF.



I'M SURPRISED AT DAD BELIEVING IN THOSE FAIRY CURSES IN THIS DAY AND AGE!



ROGER SUDDENLY TURNS ---- AND HIS EYES GROW WIDE IN HORROR.



GREAT GOD! IT--- CAN'T BE! STAY BACK! STAY BACK!

NEXT NIGHT IN ANOTHER PART OF ENGLAND



BENTLEY! TELEGRAM FOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD!

HERE SON, TO THE TRAIN



to Telegram
SORRY YOU MUST DELAY HUNTING TRIP. STOP --- PERCY DEVONSHIRE MISSING. STOP SOMETHING ABOUT PHANTOM HOUND CURSE. GO THERE AT ONCE.

FAVERSHAM

JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I'D HAVE A REAL VACATION FOR A FEW WEEKS! WELL, ORDERS ARE ORDERS.



BENTLEY IS MET AT THE STATION, BY THE HANDY MAN OF DEVONSIRE CASTLE.

HOP IN SIR! I'LL HAVE YOU THERE IN JIG-TIME.





KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT PERCY'S DISAPPEARANCE?

THE PHANTOM HOUND, SIR. IT GOT HIM.



HOW DO YOU DO, MR BENTLEY. I'M SIR CLAUDE OF DEVONSHIRE. WON'T COME IN?

THANK YOU!



MY WIFE, LADY AGATHA.

ROGER, THE CARE TAKER.

MY DAUGHTER, CHRISTINE.

MY BROTHER, SIR REGINALD.



OH (SOB, SOB) ITS TOO HORRIBLE. I KNEW WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE RETURNED TO THE CASTLE.

THERE, THERE, MOTHER.



YOU SEE BENTLEY WE RARELY VISIT DEVONSHIRE CASTLE ANY MORE, THE PHANTOM LEGEND YOU KNOW.



I'M CONVINCED NOW IT'S MORE THAN A LEGEND. IT--- IT KILLED MY SON!

MOTHER IS COMPLETELY UNSTRUNG.



I COULD STAND SOME SLEEP MYSELF.

I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS.



LATER THAT NIGHT

WHAT'S THAT?

BENTLEY DONS HIS CLOTHES AND MAKES HIS WAY DOWNSTAIRS.



THAT BAYING--- IT SEEMED TO HAVE COME FROM HERE!

HMM! A CAVE---- I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND!



SUDDENLY BY JOVE !! A--A HOUND

AAARR!

AS THE MONSTROUS BEAST ATTACKS BENTLEY, HE GIVES HIS CANE A QUICK FLIP AND A SWORD IS DRAWN FORTH.



LET'S SEE IF A GHOST-HOUND CAN WITHSTAND SOLID STEEL



THEN FROM BEHIND



LATER... BENTLEY WHAT HAPPENED?

SIR REGINALD!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE.

I HEARD THAT PHANTOM HOUND AND



WELL, I SAW IT! --- IN FACT I STABBED IT WITH MY SWORD--- I SAY--- THERE'S NO BLOOD ON IT! --- HOW CAN THAT BE?



ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU REALLY SAW THE DOG?

YES! AND SOMETHING ELSE TOO!



WILL YOU PLEASE SUMMON THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD, SIR REGINALD!

RIGHT HO-- BENTLEY



I JUST MET UP WITH THE DEVONSHIRE GHOST-HOUND--- I RECEIVED A JOLLY BUMP ON THE HEAD IN THE PROCESS.



BUT I WAS NOT KNOCKED COMPLETELY OUT. I SAW A VERY LIVE PERSON LEAD THE HOUND AWAY!



I COULDN'T QUITE MAKE IT OUT--- BUT I'LL BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY HIM OR HER SOON--- I MUST ASK ALL OF YOU TO HOLD OUT YOUR HANDS!

I SAY!

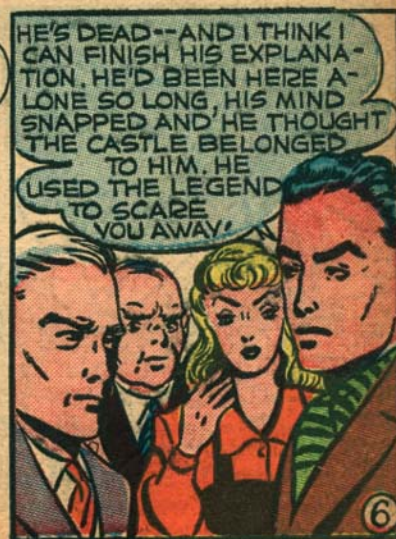


THANK YOU! AND NOW I'LL NAME THE GHOST-KILLER!

GEN. EY KNOWS THE CULPRIT! --- DO YOU ?

1. LADY AGATHA
2. CHRISTINE
3. SIR REGINALD
4. ROGER, THE CARETAKER
5. SIR CLAUDE

MARK YOUR CHOICE ALONGSIDE OF ONE OF THE NAMES--- NOW TURN THE PAGE FOR THE SOLUTION!



WORLD WONDERS

ARABS

HUNT AND KILL ELEPHANTS BY CREEPING UPON THEM IN THEIR SLEEP TO SLASH OFF THE TRUNK ... THE BEAST BLEEDS TO DEATH!

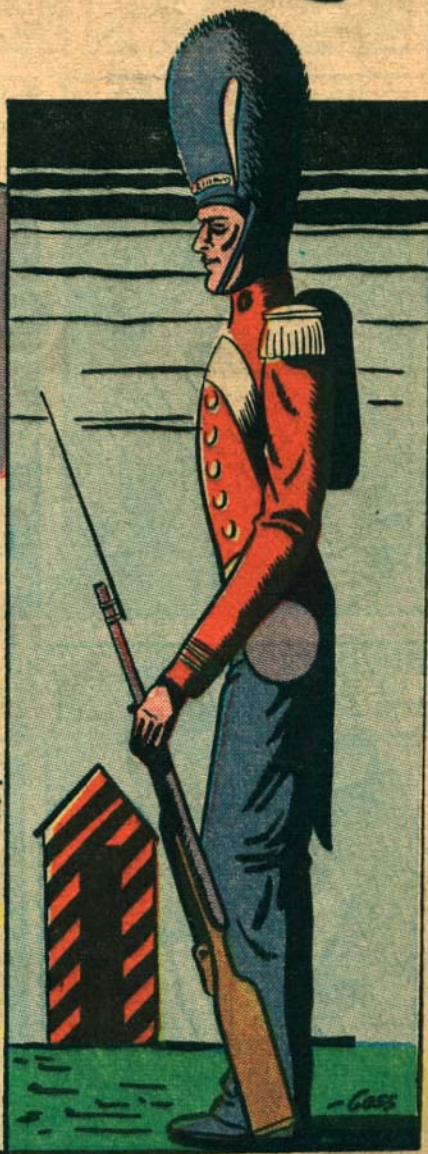


IN THEIR ELABORATE BURIAL ANCIENT EGYPTIANS REMOVED THE HEART OF THE MUMMY AND INSERTED IN ITS PLACE A PRECIOUS RUBY OR EMERALD!



GRENADIER GUARDS*

ARE NAMED FOR THE FIRST HAND GRENADE TROOPS OF 1692 - GRENADES WERE SO DANGEROUS THAT ONLY THE TALLEST, STRONGEST, BRAVEST, DARED TO HANDLE THEM!



THE FIERCELY NAMED DRAGON FLY

NEITHER BITES NOR STINGS..... IT IS A MOST VALUABLE INSECT AND EATS FLIES, AND MOSQUITOES.



THE BLACK HOOD

MYSTERY

I THE BLACK HOOD, DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT NEITHER THREATS NOR BRIBES NOR BULLETS NOR DEATH ITSELF SHALL KEEP ME FROM FULFILLING MY SACRED VOW.. TO ERASE CRIME FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!!



Chen



HIYA, DEMON REPORTER! WORKING HARD?

KIP BURLAND! I WISH YOU WOULD N'T SNEAK IN ON ME!

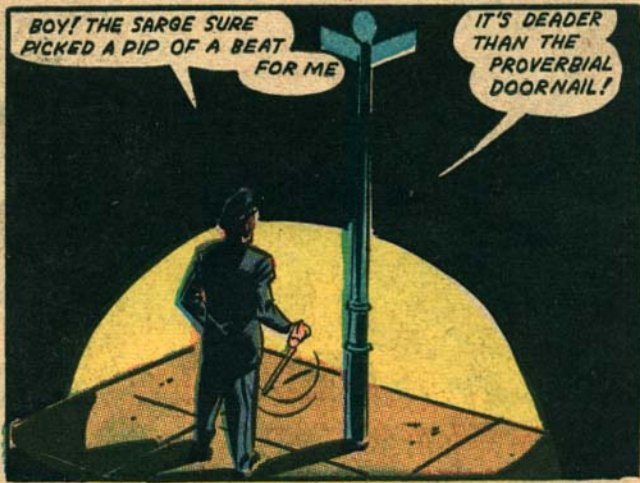


JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN ON MY WAY BY AND SAY HELLO, BABS!



WELL, SO LONG GAL! I'M OFF TO FIGHT CRIME - OFFICIALLY!

GOOD LUCK, KIP!



BOY! THE SARGE SURE PICKED A PIP OF A BEAT FOR ME

IT'S DEADER THAN THE PROVERBIAL DOORNAIL!



OH, OH! I SPOKE TOO SOON!



WHAT'S UP LADY?

OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU CAME, OFFICER. MY BUTLER'S DEAD!

WHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I SEE YOU'VE GOT KIP BACK IN HARNESS, SERGEANT MCGINTY

YES, BARBARA. AND HE'LL STAY THERE IF HE KEEPS OUTA TROUBLE, DAGNABBIT!

THE TROUBLE WITH KIP IS HE'S TOO SCIENTIFIC! NOW TAKE ME F'RINSTANCE, I'VE BEEN...

... "ON THE FORCE FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AND YOU'VE ALWAYS CAUGHT CROOKS WITH THE END O' YOUR NIGHTSTICK" UNQUOTE!

WELL, IT'S TRUE!

ANYWAY, I GAVE KIP A BEAT THAT'LL KEEP HIM OUTA TROUBLE!

HELLO! THIS IS MCGINTY!
WHAT! DAGNABBIT...

THAT WAS BURLAND! SO YOU SOMEBODY WAS STABBED TO DEATH AT 17 KEW PLACE.. LET'S GO, MEN!

SO YOU GAVE KIP A BEAT THAT WOULD KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE EH, SARGE!

HELLO, SARGE! YOU SURE GOT HERE FAST!

WHERE'S THE BODY, KIP?

IN THE NEXT ROOM. BUT DON'T MESS UP ANY FINGERPRINTS!

DON'T BE TELLIN' ME MY BUSINESS! ME, WHO'S BEEN ON THE FORCE FER 25 YEARS!

YEP, HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT. NOW I'LL ASK SOME QUESTIONS! WHO ARE YOU, LADY?

I AM MRS. MARION. THIS IS MY HOME- AND THE DEAD MAN WAS MY BUTLER

AND I AM KALIMAR, MYSTIC AND SPIRITUALIST! AT YOUR SERVICE!

WE JUST RETURNED FROM KALIMAR'S PLACE - WHERE I WAS IN COMMUNION WITH MY LATE HUSBAND

SPIRITUALISM! WITH HOOEY!

I ASSURE YOU MY ART IS NOT "HOOEY!" AS YOU CALL IT. I SHOULD BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION ANY TIME YOU PLEASE!

ANYWAY, SERGEANT, I GAVE THE EVENING OFF TO MY DOMESTICS, WHILE I ATTENDED THE SEANCE!

THEN WHAT WAS YOUR BUTLER DOING IN THE HOUSE?

THAT'S OBVIOUS! HE MUST HAVE RETURNED UNEXPECTEDLY!



I'VE GOT IT! THE BUTLER KNEW THERE'D BE NO ONE HERE-SO HE RETURNED TO ROB THE HOUSE!

AND MURDERED HIMSELF AFTER HE'D DONE IT, I SUPPOSE!

NONE O' YER SARCAASM, BURLAND!

I'VE GOT THE FINGERPRINTS OFF THIS KNIFE SARGE!

NICE WORK MOONEY!



WE'LL CHECK 'EM AT HEAD-QUARTERS!

IN THE FINGERPRINT DEPARTMENT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I'LL HAVE THESE FINGERPRINTS PHOTOSTATED IN A MINUTE, SARGE!



HERE THEY ARE!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL CHECK 'EM WITH THE PRINTS WE GOT IN OUR FILES!



NOW TO FIND THE GUY THESE PRINTS BELONG TO - IF WE'VE GOT A RECORD OF HIM!



WOW! WE GOT 'IM! M'GINTY DOES IT AGAIN!

HERE IT IS, SARGE!



SNAKES O' ST. PATRICK! IT...IT CAN'T BE!



WEIGHT.....	165	GLASS EYE
HEIGHT.....	5' 11"	GANNET
RACE.....	WHITE	
HAIR.....	BROWN	
BORN.....	1900	
DIED.....	JULY, 1944	

NOW ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS DIG HIM UP, SARGE AND YOU'VE GOT YOUR MURDERER!

B...BUT HOW COULD A DEAD MAN'S PRINTS GET ON THAT KNIFE?



OUTSIDE...

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT KIP?

I'M JUST AS PUZZLED AS POOR SARGE, BABS!



ONE THING THAT NO TWO PEOPLE HAVE ALIKE, IS FINGERPRINTS.. SO HOW COULD ANYBODY ELSE HAVE GLASS EYE'S PRINTS ON THAT KNIFE ?



GLASS EYE... HMM... SAY BABS DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING ABOUT THAT FORTUNE TELLER'S EYES ?



NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, YES! ONE OF HIS EYES SEEMED TO BE MADE OF GLASS!



EXACTLY! THAT MAY OR MAY NOT MEAN ANYTHING - BUT DO SOMETHING FOR ME WILL YOU, BABS ?



I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. YOU WANT ME TO GET A FINGER-PRINT OF KALIMAR, EH?... CONSIDER IT DONE!



AFTER BABS LEAVES...

MEANWHILE THE BLACK HOOD WILL DO SOME INVESTIGATING...



...AT THE CEMETERY GLASS EYE'S GANG WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BURIED HIM!



HERE'S GLASS EYE'S GRAVE!



EMPTY !!





THE HOOD IMMEDIATELY RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT

HELLO! HOOD! ANY DEVELOPMENTS?

PLENTY, BARBARA!



DID YOU GET THOSE FINGERPRINTS?

YOU BET! RIGHT ON THIS VANITY CASE-SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED



HOOD! YOU REALLY THINK KALIMAR AND GLASS-EYE GANNET ARE ONE AND THE SAME PERSON?



KALIMAR'S FINGERPRINTS WILL ANSWER THAT QUESTION

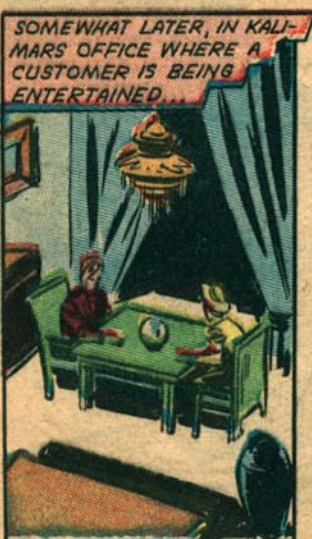


NOW LET'S COMPARE 'EM WITH THE PRINTS OF GLASS-EYE GANNET!

DON'T GO BY ME. I WOULDN'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE THE SAME OR NOT!



WELL, I WOULD! THEY ARE! AND KALIMAR, ALIAS GLASS-EYE GANNET IS ABOUT TO RECEIVE A VERY UNWELCOME CLIENT THE BLACK HOOD!



SOMEWHAT LATER, IN KALIMAR'S OFFICE WHERE A CUSTOMER IS BEING ENTERTAINED...



YOU REALLY THINK I CAN SPEAK WITH MY DEAD HUSBANDS SPIRIT?



HOPE THE MOVING PICTURE PROJECTOR IS IN GOOD WORKING ORDER

YOU SHALL SOON SEE MADAM. BUT REMEMBER! ANSWER ANY QUESTION HE ASKS-OR THE SPIRITUAL BOND WILL BE BROKEN!

THEN, THE ROOM DARKENS,
AND THE BLACKNESS IMMEDI-
ATELY IS LIGHTED UP BY AN
ONEARTHLY GLOW....



IT... IT'S
CHARLES, MY
HUSBAND!

EMMA! I HAVE
NOT MUCH
TIME, ANSWER
QUICKLY!
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
WITH THE
MONEY I
LEFT YOU?



I KNOW YOU, GANNET
IN SPITE OF THAT NICE
PLASTIC JOB YOU HAD
DONE ON YOUR
FACE!



BUT BEFORE EMMA CAN ANSWER, THE
ROOM IS ONCE AGAIN PLUNGED INTO
DARKNESS...

WH... WHAT
HAPPENED,
KALIMAR?

I DON'T KNOW!
... PERHAPS
SOME INTERFER-
ENCE FROM THE
ASTRAL WORLD!

I ALSO KNOW YOUR RACKET-GET-
TING THE SUCKERS TO TELL WHERE
THEY KEEP THEIR VALUABLES-THEN
ROBBING THEM! YOU ROBBED
MRS. MARION AND KILLED HER
BUTLER!



NO, KALIMAR!
IT'S INTER-
FERENCE
FROM THE
BLACK HOOD



WH...
WHAT!

ALL RIGHT, BLAST
YOU! YOU'RE ONTO
ME, BUT YOU WON'T
GET ME!



THAT'S A VERY FAMILIAR
REFRAIN, GANNET. BUT
YOU'LL BE SINGING A
DIFFERENT TUNE...



... BEFORE I'M
THROUGH
WITH YOU!



NOW I'LL TELL YOU YOUR FORTUNE! IN A SHORT WHILE YOU'RE GOING TO RECEIVE SOME MORE CUSTOMERS-- IN BLUE UNIFORMS!



...AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE ASLEEP WHEN THEY GET HERE!



HIYA, MCGINTY I WAS EXPECTING YOU!



STOP, HOOD-- OR I'LL SHOOT!



DAGNABIT, BARBARA! YOU SPOILED MY AIM!

BANG

DON'T MCGINTY! THE BLACK HOOD'S ON OUR SIDE!

NEXT DAY AT HEADQUARTERS...



THE HECK HE IS! HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH THIS PHONY FORTUNE TELLER, DAGNABIT! THEY MUSTA HAD A FIGHT ABOUT SPLITTIN' THE SWAG!



CONGRATULATIONS SARGE! I SEE MCGINTY DID IT AGAIN!

YEP! AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN A CLEAN JOB IF I'D NABBED THE BLACK HOOD, KIP!



KIP! WHY DON'T YOU GO AFTER THE HOOD! IT'LL MEAN A PROMOTION IF YE CATCH HIM!



WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT CATCHING HIM, SARGE! BUT I PROMISE I'LL FOLLOW HIM WHEREVER HE GOES!

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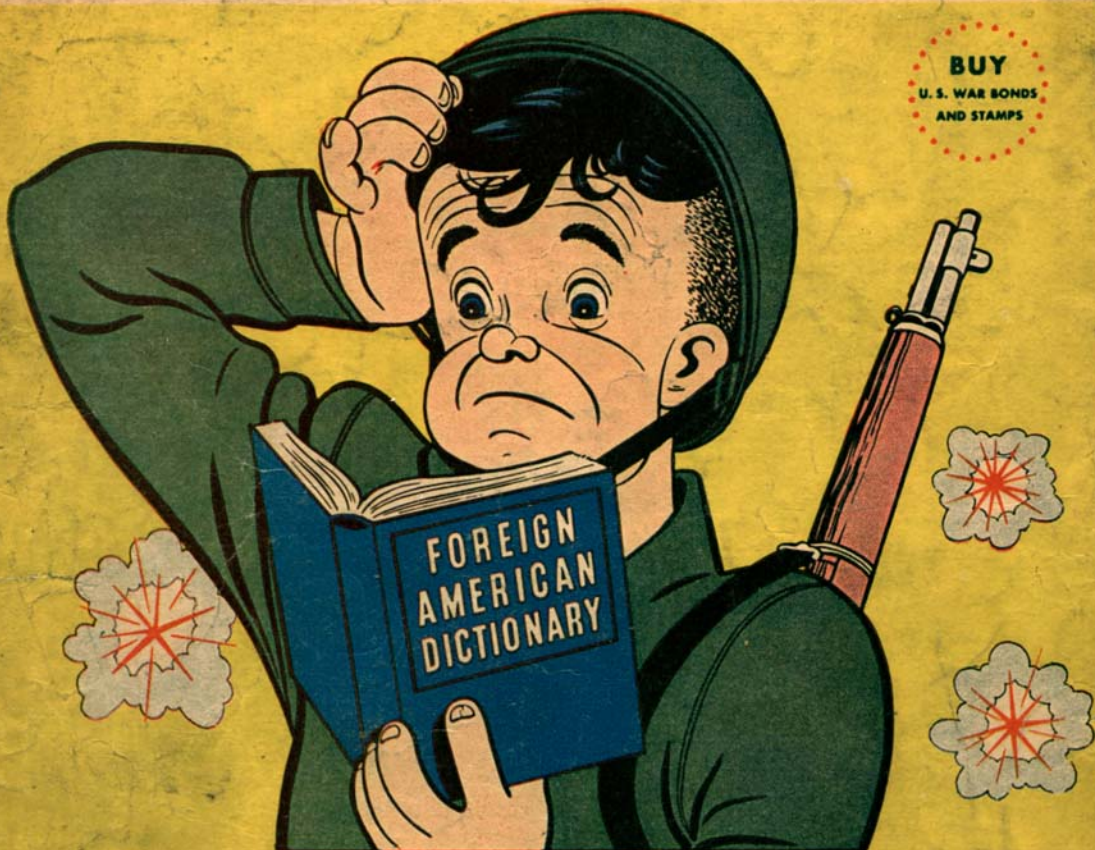
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